"The light has gone out of our lives and there is darkness everywhere..."

The sea, falling back to the dark, leaves light on the land.

To be lucid, you said once, was what you wanted most of all.

The hands of the sea, withdrawing, leave looped on the earth's breast shell-fans of spray.

On the dawn of your death the sun was lifted, red, on a red pillar, from the sea; which it left to become a disk of red dust on the sky's forehead.

Still everything glows.
The land is bright, the sea,
the sky, bright, everything
(but one dark gull,
flying the rim of the clouds)
shines
in no ordinary light.

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